

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 321.

PATTERSON PARK.*
BY JAMES HUNTERFORD.

Tom Moore may dilate on the Vale of Avoca,
Its "purest of crystal and brightest of green";
Miss Dunlap may tell of romantic Glenoeca;†
Where nature's wild beauties illustrate the scene.
But give me a spot which lies east of our city,
Which, even from earliest daylight till dark,
Yields many a theme for romance and for ditty;
I sing the soft pleasures of Patterson Park.

How sweet are the hours in that beautiful Aiden!
When love smiles the sun over fountains and bowers.
And winds from the south, soft as kisses, come laden
With freshness from waters and fragrance from flowers.
For then does East Baltimore send forth its lasses,
With cheeks like the sunset and tones like the lark,
And forms whose rare loveliness even surpasses all else that is lovely in Patterson Park.
Toward where the river, spread out in expanses,
Reacts in the glorious tides of the sky.
The bright eyes of human beings wonder and glances,
While sweet lips are parted in pleasant surprise.
No wonder they gaze with delight on that vision
Of rose-tinted water and white-pinioned bark,
Which, with their dear presence, makes seem as elysian
Our care-relish moments in Patterson Park.
Though fountains with musical murmurs are plashed
In the air,
And perfumes exhaling from flower, grass and tree,
And red-golden light on fair objects is flashing,
Whiles o'er them the heavens bend cloudless and clear.
A thousand-fold greater the fragrance and lustre
Of all that is sweetest, most worthy of mark,
Become, when the belles of East Baltimore cluster,
Like garlands of beauty in Patterson Park.
And oft, when the busy day's troubles are over,
We'll hasten to these precincts to linger there long,
Where bright forms and fancies around us still hover.
Like ministering angels to shield us from wrong.
And whether our future be blessed or sinning,
And whether our fortune be brilliant or dark,
Our minds and our hearts pleasant memories are winning.
Whenever we visit fair Patterson Park.

* Baltimore, Md.
+ A Legend of Glenoeca," by Miss Eliza J. Dunlap, of Baltimore.

The Cross of Carlyon: OR, THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE DARK LADY.

My mother and I lived on the Harford road, about fifteen years ago.

Our house was a snug affair, all that my father had left us when he died, besides the four cows, whose supply of milk, with the random odd jobs I picked up, afforded our sole means of subsistence.

There was a stage-coach then plying between Roseville and Baltimore city.

We found it a difficult matter to get along; I don't know what we should have done if there had been house-rent to pay.

Mother was a weak, abiding woman, never complaining; she seemed to cherish some patient hope that we would not always be so poorly situated, and ever wore a smile, whether our fare was scant or plentiful. Her calm faith in Providence encouraged me. I worked industriously at everything that offered, if it was honest.

Still, at times, I would fall to ruminating on our hard lot; and then there would be something continually happening—some accident or other—which might reasonably be considered vexatious.

I was at the churn, one day, turning the crank vigorously. I had to make the butter without delay, as we needed money. The crank stuck fast. It wouldn't budge, so I gave it a jerk, and—over went the churn, half-making butter and all.

I contemplated the dirty mass in bewilderment; then the loss broke upon me heavily. No butter that day—all our careful savings of cream totally spilled.

"Confound it!" burst from my near sobbing lips; "there it goes; just our luck, misfortune all the time. What's to be done now, I wonder?"

"Jerome!" reproved my mother, who came to my side as the thing happened; "for shame, my son. Don't talk that way."

"It isn't the butter, mother, but the money we lose by it—we who need it so. It's too bad."

"So it is, Jerome; but then I've nearly finished the gay toilet-set, you know, and maybe it will sell for even more than the butter."

"Maybe it will," I assented, gloomily; and then we went into the house.

"Don't be so down-hearted, Jerome," begged my mother, as we sat down to our noonday meal—a cup of tea and some slices of toast.

"There's something in store for us, I hope, which, through your strong arm, and an abiding faith, will raise us from poverty and struggle. So, let the butter go."

"You've often talked that way, mother; but I don't see that we're improving much."

It was a heartless resort to her kind, encouraging speech—I ought to have had my ear boxed; but the words seemed to bubble from my lips, somehow, before I could prevent them.



There stood a shriveled object in gray, tattered garments, with twinkling eyes and face of ugliness.

"Have we not great cause for thankfulness, my son? Your father did not leave us entirely destitute, and we have health and strength to sustain us, however hard our trials. Try to think better of our few small blessings, and not sigh for so many more. There's our love, too, darling; what could be brighter in our home than that! It pains me when you grumble at things so, and I often nearly fail striving to keep us both cheerful!"

"There, there, dear mother," I interrupted, as I saw a tear trickling down her cheek, "it's wicked in me to be finding fault when you are so gentle and hopeful. You haven't wept so since father died; don't do so now. I'll try and be more considerate in future. Ah! who can that be?"

For while I embraced my mother, and kissed away her tears from her eyes, there sounded a tapping at the door, which, engrossed as we were, started us.

A veritable gipsy. There had not been any in the neighborhood for years. Here she was now, with her keen black eyes, tawny skin, midnight hair smoothed over her wrinkled forehead, and round her shoulders a shawl of glaring red.

"Let me tell your fortune," she squeaked, stepping closer, and peering steadily into my face. "Have you a piece of silver? Ha! I see something strange in your face. It's a whole history. I'm no humbug, like the people say. Give me silver and I'll tell you all about it."

I was at once curious to hear her mystery. There was a three cent silver piece in my pocket, which I had received in change; but, surely, so small an amount would not satisfy her.

"See this," said I, showing her the piece; "it is all I have."

"Enough, for it's silver. Give me that and a bite of bread. I've tramped all the way from the city this morn."

So I promised the lunch, gave her the piece, and she took my hand in hers.

"Jerome," protested my mother, "is it well to countenance such folly?"

"No harm, mother; I know it's all nonsense."

"No folly, madam, as you will discover in time," croaked the gipsy, in a peculiar voice.

"Oh, this is a plain hand of yours. I can read it easily. You are not to be poor forever. There's eminence and money in this sign."

"Do you hear that, mother?" I said, with a chuckle. "Well, what else, gipsy?"

"But you won't accomplish this alone," continued the oracle. "There are singular events happen in your life; mysteries and incredible sights. Ah! here is an outlandish prophecy: a dark-tinted cross all dripping with blood. You'll see it long before you can understand it—then find out what it means as you go through life. Here's a lady—a dark lady; she is wealthy, and beauteous as a picture in a dream. You will meet her and love her. Be careful—there is something shrouding her, perhaps a crime or a lasting curse. Be kind to your mother. You won't have her long. Some night, when she is dead, you will dream of her; and the dream will save your life. In the end, much happiness. That's all I can see in this hand. Good day, good day, and thanks to you." With a nod and a grin she went her way along the road, munching at the half-loaf we had given her.

I watched her receding form a while; her utterances, in spite of myself, had left a queer impression.

I grew uneasy. I know my actions were singular, for mother detected me moving about in an absent sort of manner, and I thought she was troubled. But nothing was said, and the day wore away just a little more solemn than usual.

I fully expected to dream unpleasantly that night, but did not. In fact, after a lapse of two or three days, the gipsy and her rigmarole began to wear out of my thoughts, and at the expiration of a week, I had nigh forgotten the scene entirely.

It was Saturday night, about seven o'clock, I think, when there came another tap at our unpretentious door.

The tap of the gipsy and the tap of this night, were the only summons at our humble home since the death of my father.

I stepped forward to see who it was, and confess to some surprise at finding there a grand-dressed and beautiful lady!

It was an unexpected sight; for what could such a person be wanting out there on that lonely road, in such a night of drizzling wet?

Then I noticed a man by her side, with a whip in his hand, and further in the light that flooded through the doorway, was a cab. All this at a glance, for she addressed me immediately:

"Pardon my intrusion, sir. Can I obtain a temporary accommodation here?"

I mechanically threw wide the door, and hardly knew what I said; I was dazzled.

Turning to the man with a whip she paid him some money and dismissed him.

"Draw near to the fire," I urged, placing a chair. "It's a wretched night outside."

"Thank you," and gently shaking the water from her velvet cloak, she seated herself; then bowed smilingly to my mother, removing her bonnet with the daintiest of jeweled fingers.

At this moment I happened to glance at my mother, and as I did so I could not repress a start. She was very pale, and sat glowering at the corner, as if she saw there the advent of a terror.

"What is it, mother?" I stammered.

"Are you unwell?"

"No—nothing," she answered, hastily; and the blood surged into her cheeks. "Will you have a cup of tea?" to the stranger.

"Yes, if convenient. Don't trouble yourself for me sake."

"Do you hear that, mother?" I said, with a chuckle. "Well, what else, gipsy?"

"But you won't accomplish this alone," continued the oracle. "There are singular events happen in your life; mysteries and incredible sights. Ah! here is an outlandish prophecy: a dark-tinted cross all dripping with blood. You'll see it long before you can understand it—then find out what it means as you go through life. Here's a lady—a dark lady; she is wealthy, and beauteous as a picture in a dream. You will meet her and love her. Be careful—there is something shrouding her, perhaps a crime or a lasting curse. Be kind to your mother. You won't have her long. Some night, when she is dead, you will dream of her; and the dream will save your life. In the end, much happiness. That's all I can see in this hand. Good day, good day, and thanks to you." With a nod and a grin she went her way along the road, munching at the half-loaf we had given her.

I watched her receding form a while; her utterances, in spite of myself, had left a queer impression.

"You have business hereabouts, then?" I ventured.

"Yes—quite important."

I remembered that there was a fine farm for sale on the opposite side of the road, and perhaps that was what brought her. But, daylight should have been chosen for such an errand.

As she sat at the table I had a better view of her than when she came in. She was, indeed, lovely.

Her eyes were black and hard as coals, glinting like stars under jetty brows and short lashes. Her hair was a mass of glossy opulence; head shaped for the crown of a queen,

skin of transparency and blush, and features sufficiently classic to inspire the beholder with thoughts of dignity, stern purpose, and familiarity with the world, all centered there. I failed to imagine that there was a single indication of passion in her nature. Yet, it was an entrancing picture—a lovely face, a regal carriage.

Perhaps there was a warning of danger lurking in the flash of the cold eyes. But I seemed to disregard this, gazing enraptured, my mind floating away into weird weaving spells, while I dared to wonder what could have brought such a glorious creature to our unpretentious abode.

"Can you give me a pen, ink and paper?" she inquired, gracefully pushing back her chair when she had finished the cup of tea. "I would like to write a letter."

I was so absorbed, I only heard the music of her voice—not the words; a sound that was to me, in my nameless intoxication, much like what the tones of angels are said to be.

Mother brought the articles readily, and the strange lady began to write.

"Jerome?"

It was my mother who roused me, by an abrupt whisper, from my rare fancies. Her lips were to my ear, and I perceived that she had again grown pale.

"What is it, mother?"

"Have you noticed?"

"Noticed?—what?"

"Jerome, you have forgotten the gipsy's prophecy."

"Ah!" as it rushed upon me—"you mean about the dark lady?"

"Yes. It is she. You don't know how startled I was."

"Nonsense, mother; why, I thought you disbelieved the jugglery from the first."

"Ah, me! there's queer things happen in this world."

"So there are," I answered, and returned my eyes to the strange lady, while mother stood watching the crackling logs reflectively.

Our visitor soon ended her writing, and placing the note in an envelope addressed it carefully. Then she took a piece of sealing-wax from her pocket and placed a red seal upon the missive.

"Will you do me a great favor?" she asked.

I was about to precipitate myself at her feet, and declare my willingness to obey her in everything; but my mother interposed:

"If we can, Miss—"

"Call me Miss Christabel," she prompted, and continued: "Is your good son well acquainted in Baltimore city?"

"Yes, Miss Christabel, he knows almost any locality."

"And can I get you to deliver this note for me tomorrow? I will pay you \$20 if you deliver it safely."

"At this, I could not help feeling angry. I did not want the money; she had only to command, and I would obey."

"You are very kind," said my mother.

Miss Christabel handed the note to my mother, and arose to resume her chair by the hearth.

I instantly saw, for the third time, the troubled expression in my mother's face. She looked, for a second, at the large red seal, then turned it over, out of sight, as if frightened.

"Now," spoke the musical voice of our visitor, "I have to tell you a part of my business. Your name is Jerome—what is the rest?"

"Jerome Harrison."

"I'll call you Mr. Harrison. Would you like to earn \$100?"

"A hundred dollars!" echoed my mother, her eyes brightening.

But, it seemed to me, this was twice she had intimated a knowledge of our poverty, which I felt all the more in the rich glamour of her presence; I disliked her hints, was dissatisfied with her and myself, and demanded bluntly:

"How am I to earn \$100?"

"By assisting me in my business. Perhaps I may show you the opportunity to enrich yourself, and provide bountifully for your good mother. I am pleased with our acquaintance already. Have you much knowledge of mercantile or real estate affairs?"

"None, save a tolerable schooling, and a right rough experience," I replied, somewhat better humored.

"We may be closely allied, some day—who knows? How would you like to earn \$200 a month right along?"

I stared agast. So did my mother.

CHAPTER II.

THE TABLEAU OF THE VAULT.

"But, come" went on the mysterious lady, "

"A mystery? Oh, it can't amount to much, if there is."

"I think we'd best not mix up in her business."

"Don't be so timid, mother," and I gave my boot a hearty stamp as I pulled on the second boot.

"Jerome, listen to me," she pursued, very gravely. "Do you remember what the gipsy said about the cross?"

"That gipsy again! It bothers you more than it does me, mother."

"But, the cross?"

"Eh! Oh, that was something her fanciful imagery created."

"Not so. I have cause to think seriously. Look at this—see?"

She held up the letter which Miss Christabel had given her, and pointed tremblingly to the large seal.

I took it from her, and drew nearer to the light on the mantelpiece, where I could see the impression plainly.

For a moment, my senses whirled. Then we gazed at each other in silence. For there, on the seal, was the representation of a cross, all dripping with blood—blood, of course, for the gipsy had prophesied it.

I recalled her weird words:

"A dark tinted cross, all dripping with blood. You'll see it long before you understand it. There is a lady—a dark lady. She is wealthy and beautiful as a picture in a dream. You will meet her and love her. Be certain! There is something shrouding her—perhaps a crime or a lasting curse!"

Then my mother cried, in a guarded way:

"Oh, my son! do be careful. Be ever watchful; do not let her lead you astray. You are all I have left in the world, and if anything befalls you, I don't know what I should do—" she completely broke down, and burying her face in her hands, began weeping sorely.

"Do not worry, mother. Rest assured, whatever this unexpected fulfillment of the prophecy portends, I am now prepared to act in accordance with strict duty."

I was relieved in expressing myself. I appeared to rise out of the enchantment to which I had hitherto yielded. Sight of the significant cross, coupled to an understanding of my mother's convictions, put a new face on the import of the strange lady's visit.

My mother returned to Miss Christabel.

I kept an old pistol in the drawer of a side-board, but it had never contained powder and bullet, as another stood in great fear of firearms. I now took this from its resting-place, loaded it carefully, and stowed it in the pocket of my overcoat.

"If there's ghosts at Lochwood," thinks I, "it won't be good for them to run against me, that's all."

In a short time I was ready. Miss Christabel readjusted her cloak and bonnet, and started out, I followed, swinging my lantern, though I had not lighted it yet. The moon gave us light enough to see the route.

We walked briskly, neither speaking a sentence, and soon struck into the weed-grown path that led up to the mansion.

I noticed that she was familiar with every inch of ground.

I knew but a few items concerning this estate called Lochwood. It was very extensive, having entrances on two roads—these roads at least a mile apart. It must have been a grand estate, once; but, ever since I could remember, it had been unoccupied and going to waste.

As we passed through the dense woodland, approaching the mansion—where hardly a glimpse of the moon came down—I fancied all sorts of goblins; and the wind, rising with the clearing weather, moaned most dismaly.

Pretty soon we reached an area way, down a flight of stone steps, to an archway where the door had crumbled off and lay in rotted splinters on the flags.

"You may light the lantern, Mr. Harrison," said Miss Christabel, lowly, as she stooped and tried to peer into the darkness beyond the arch. "Ugh! it isn't very inviting in there."

"No, Miss Christabel."

While fumbling with the lantern, I was having some strong thoughts as to what, in the name of the saints, my companion was up to.

Perhaps, after all, she was an escaped lunatic, and this was nothing but a mad freak of hers.

Alone with her, in the dreary solitude, and nearly rid of the spell created by her mysterious presence, I furiously watched her as I ignited the lantern lamp, being fully prepared for anything treacherous that might occur.

We entered the cellars, or rather vaults of the mansion. There was a cross corridor of stone, chambered on each side, and a main passage that looked like the branching avenue of a catacomb. The whole underground portion of the house seemed as if roomed off for occupancy. But, who could think of living there—in such an atmosphere of ghoulish horrors?

At the corner of the two passages, Miss Christabel halted.

"Now, Mr. Harrison, your bravery and my own will be put to a test. I wish to take the lantern and proceed alone. You remain here until I call you or come back to you. It was because I feared danger from humans that I asked your company for protection."

"Will you be absent long?"

"No."

"All right. I'll await you here."

I was suspicious at this moment. But I remembered the pistol, and slipping my hand in my pocket, I cocked the weapon. I think she must have seen that I was on the alert, for my tone was meaning enough when I said:

"All right. I'll await you here."

She disappeared in one of the vaulted chambers, and I was alone in the inky darkness.

It is not pleasant to stand by one's self in the cellar of a house supposed to be tenanted by unearthly things, and that in the dark, too.

My imagination played fearfully as the moments passed; my ears were set for the slightest sound, till I could have heard the soft cushioned tread of a cat. My nerves—the nerves I boasted of—were strung to a tension of sev'ent tax.

Suddenly, the spectral stillness was broken by a curdling scream. It came from the direction in which Miss Christabel had gone.

My hair raised, and my whole system seemed contracted by a momentary fright—only momentary; then, as I was about to dash forward to the rescue of Miss Christabel, I felt something brush past me in the gloom, carrying with it a cold, disagreeable air that made my flesh creep.

But, I concluded it must be my companion fleeing from some uncouth specter in the vault beyond—the apparition a man of flesh and blood, perhaps.

I turned to follow her, and it was on my lips to cry:

"Miss Christabel! Miss Christabel! What is it? Wait for me! I will protect you!"

But before I could word that cry—and you may judge of my great surprise—I heard Miss Christabel calling to me, from the original direction:

"Mr. Harrison! Where are you? Bring a match, please; the lantern has overturned and gone out."

This was inexplicable. My mind was dizzy. If the figure that brushed past me was not the strange lady, then who—or what was it?

Ghost, or human?

If Miss Christabel was not in danger or frightened—for her voice was calm, unruffled as ever—and it was not she who uttered the shriek which still rung in my ears, then what did it all mean? what had transpired to occasion the thrilling outcry?

"Mr. Harrison, are you coming?" she called again.

"Yes, yes, I'll be with you directly, Miss Christabel."

I lit a match, and moved slowly ahead. She was at the doorless entrance to the vaulted chamber, and as I reached her she groped about in search of the lantern.

When we were again provided with a light, I examined her countenance, to see if she was alarmed or hurt. On the contrary, her beautiful face was glowingly radiant.

"What was that scream?" I asked.

"Ghosts!" she answered.

"I thought it was you."

"No—ghosts!" laconically.

I didn't altogether believe it was a ghost.

"Look!" said she. "I have accomplished my object. Here is what I came for," and she held up a long, narrow document, in the dim glint of the lantern.

I must have appeared a very fool. For I know, as I looked at the paper which she extended aloft, I was dumbstruck.

There on the folded surface, admirably executed in red and black ink, was a dark shaded cross dripping with blood!

Was I ever to know what that cross meant—and who it was that flitted past me in the stygian shroud of the corridor?

"Have you seen it before?" she asked, noticing my bewilderment.

"On the seal of the letter you gave my mother."

"Never before?"

"No—honestly."

"It is the Cross of Carolyon!"

"Cross of Carolyon?" I repeated, wondering what that meant.

"Perhaps, some time in the future, you will understand it, Mr. Harrison. It tells of a crime and a lone heart's suffering." Then, as to herself: "At last I shall cheat the Hawk—at last!"

"The Hawk?" I repeated, inwardly.

"Who, or what is this hawk?—bird or man?" Men are often called hawks. I wish I knew more of this thing. It is wrapping a mist around me."

While muttering, she aroused me.

"H—Look behind you, Mr. Harrison—quick!"

I gave a lightning glance toward the door.

There stood a shrivelled object, in gray, tattered garments, with twinkling eyes and face of ugliness.

"It was you," I cried, "who passed me in the corridor. Stop! Who are you?"

Acting on impulse, I sprang forward to grasp this object—but it had vanished in the gloom beyond.

Simultaneously the dark lady holloed, in gleeful accents:

"Hawk and Lizard! Hawk and Lizard! Ha! ha! ha! Two to one! And beat!—beat!—beat!"

Turning, I discovered her in a convulsion of laughter that threatened to burst her veins.

(To be continued.)

VIOLET AND ROSE.

Violet delicate, sweet,
Down in the deep of the wood,
Hid in the starry recess,
Felt in the sound of the street,
Man and his merciless mood—

Safe from the storm and the heat,
Breathing of beauty and good,
Fragrantly, under thy hood—

Violet.

Beautiful maid, discreet,
Where is the mate that is meet,
Meet for thee—strive as he could—
Yet will I kneel at thy feet,
Fearing another one should!

Violet.

Rose in the hedge row grown,
Where the scent of the fresh sweet hay
Comes up from the fields new mown,
You know it—you know it alone,
So I gather you here to-day!

For here—was it not here, say—
That she came by the woodland way,
And my heart with a hope unknown
Rose!

Ah, yes—with her bright hair blown,
And her eyes like the skies of May,
And her steps like the rose-leaves strown
When the winds in the rose-bush play—

It was here—oh, my love, my own
Rose!

FERGUS FEARNAUT;

OR,

Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AININ,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "BOY, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FERGUS was very much astonished to find himself so affectionately embraced, but he attributed this action to the lady's graveude.

"A little hysterick on account of the fright she got," he thought. "Well, it was a pretty big scare."

He submitted quietly to Lorania's caresses. After her first fervent embrace, she took off his cap, the better to observe his features, and laid her hand upon his head.

"Oh! how short they've cut your hair!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, that's the Island clip," replied Fergus, laughingly.

"You made your escape?"

"Yes, Mr. John Jackson and his wife helped me off."

"Why?"

"Well, they kind of took a notion to me," returned Fergus, evasively.

"Had you waited until to-day you would have received your discharge."

"Yes, I know it now, but I didn't know it then; I would have waited if I had."

"When did you learn it?"

"About twelve o'clock to-day. I was stopping with Mary Jackson at her house in Harlem, and I thought that Mrs. Nandrus and Fleda might be anxious about me, and so I asked her to go down and see them and tell them that I was all right. When she came back she said Lawyer Pickles had been there after me, and said he'd got my discharge. Clever in him, wasn't it? So I just traveled down home, and I tell you I was glad to see me again, Fleda, particularly."

This abrupt exclamation surprised Glendenning.

"It what?" he questioned, curiously.

"Nothing, no matter, never mind!" I was thinking of something—that's all."

"Oh!" exclaimed Glendenning, biting the end of his cigar vexedly.

Elliott Yorke smoked his cigar quietly for a few moments.

"You were speaking about that portrait?" he resumed.

"Yes; I suppose Mrs. Yorke has told you whose it is?"

"Not yet; in fact, I have not asked her. The portrait does not trouble me."

"So I perceive," returned Glendenning, dryly.

Then he was silent, but though his lips moved not his thoughts were very busy, and they ran in this wise:

"The little girl?"

"Yes; so after I had taken a lunch with her, I just sailed out for a bit of a walk, and I tell you, the boys looked at me, for they hardly knew me with my hair so short. It felt kind of good, though, to think I could walk round and not have to dodge the cops. I'm going to call on Fergus and thank him—though I don't know why he should trouble himself about me."

"It was at my request."

"Yours!" cried Fergus, surprised.

"Yes; look at me. Do you think I ever saw my face before?"

Lorania put this question eagerly, and Fergus scanned her features closely in compliance with the request.

"Yes, I remember you now," he replied.

"You do!" she cried, in a gratified manner.

"Yes, it was you that was in the carriage on Broadway; and sung out 'that's the boy—stop him!'

"Yes—yes!"

"What did you want to stop me for? Did you think I stole the handkerchief?"

"What handkerchief?" asked Lorania, surprisedly.

"That will do," she returned, quietly, but with a flashing gleam in her eyes. "I told you once before never to presume to pollute my ears by your vile protestations, and I repeat it. Don't dare take my husband's name or your lips—my good, noble husband, whom I love with all my heart and soul and life."

She was warming with her defense, and Vincy sneered, mockingly.

"You love him with all his devilish suspicions of you? Ha! ha! ha! didn't he foam that night— curse him! when he assisted me from the conservatory! If he had suspected me! I got up the little tableau for his especial benefit!"

Georgia paled at the memory.

"It was a cruel, inhuman, unmanly act of yours, and you know how the result hurt me. And yet I will not blame him—he had every reason to suppose I was guilty."

"If he wasn't as mad as a March hare when he gets one of his jealous rages on, he'd know you are as immaculate as a snowdrop. By Heaven, Georgia! you are the only woman I ever saw in my life that I would pin my soul's eternal salvation to! And to think your lord and master suspects you! Well, it is some little satisfaction for the disappointment I experience. To think you never have kissed me, since I came to life again. To think you scratched my face till it bled, because I overcame you and stole a kiss that night in the summer-house, when you gave me money to preserve your husband's peace of mind!"

Georgia listened coldly, patiently.

"Are you through? Are you ready with your wonderful news, or have you already divulged it?"

Vincy bit his lip to keep from cursing at her imperious hauteur.

"By Jupiter, Georgia, I will wring your stubborn neck, yet! Have I not used every means in my power to make your life a hell on earth, so far! Have I not planted a gulf between you and the man you worship, that grows wider every day? Are you not both perfectly miserable, through my machinations? And there is yet another stroke waiting for you. Hear—woman, who has scorned and repulsed me—hear that your baby, Jessamine, is alive to-day, and not ten minutes' drive from here!"

He said it as if he delivered a prophecy; expecting, if ever he expected anything in his life, to see her faint at his feet in sudden emotion; or to hear her scream, or to see her pale with agitation, and possibly grovel at his feet in suing for more information.

Georgia heard, calmly.

"I know it. You were riding with her last evening. I saw you both. Is this your news?"

Vincy's face was a revelation. His mouth was parted in astonishment at her reception of his news. His eyes were fixed on her beautiful face, in speechless wonderment.

"Now—our interview is over. I presume you came for more money in return for your 'immense news'; but you will never receive another cent of my husband's money. As for my darling child—detectives are on her track, and I have no fear of what you can do. Good-morning."

She bowed coldly—this tried, true woman, who at last had come to the happiness of her life.

For, as she inclined her head, forth from one of the dozen recesses of the library, came Theo Lexington, his grand face white with agitation, his eyes scintillant with a passionate joy that made Georgia's heart bound. He sprang to Georgia's side, and crushed her to his breast, his arms clinging around her, his lips raining kiss after kiss on her bewildered face.

"Georgie, darling! darling! wife! Oh, thank God for this hour—thank God!"

He seemed overcome with his great joy, and Georgia, with strange quiet, nestled in his passionate embrace, as if to die there would repay her for all her years of suffering.

"Theo—dear! the cloud is past—forever!"

You trust me, now?"

He kissed her quivering lips, her tearful eyes.

"Past FOREVER! you will forgive me, and I will make amends for my wicked jealousy by making you so happy you will think it almost worth the price we have paid. My own—my wife!"

Vincy stood, in grim, stolid silence; a spectator to the bliss his own lips had unwittingly wrought. His whole soul was in a tempest of fury, but he felt he had come to the end of his part of the drama, and he accepted his punishment with a grace worthy a better man.

"I wish you joy of your wife—only it will be well to remember occasionally she was mine first. I don't think I shall bother you again, unless you call it a bother to be obliged to know your happiness depends, after all, on the man who is the father of your wife's child—the man who played for high stakes and—didn't win."

Lexington never once spoke to him. He listened, half-smiling, with an arm around Georgia's waist, as if he knew the sight of her and Georgia's reconciliation was a keener blow than he could strike. And he was right. When Vincy had done, he rung the call-bell on the table.

"Show the gentleman the door."

Then, when the balked, discomfited villain had left the room, left their life forever, and leaves our story, Lexington drew his wife into his arms again, with a passionate ardor that thrilled her from head to foot.

"Georgia, darling—look in my eyes! let me see your sweet face as I have prayed to see it so often. Kiss me, dear one—wife! and with that kiss let us seal the grave of our past, and the vows for our future! And together we will join hearts and hands in finding your little Jessamine—the task you gave me, you remember, with the reward attached! Now, there is no grave between us; no grim ghost of suspicion—nothing—noting! my darling! my wife!"

And so, through the man who had caused their misery, their great bliss came, never again to be destroyed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

Kansas King: OR, THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE, THE UN-
KNOW SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE
ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEETING IN THE CANON.

WHEN Kansas King rode into the midst of his treacherous followers, he certainly would have been captured by them, in spite of his gallant resistance, had it not been for the diversion in his favor created by Red Hand's fatal shots, which laid two of the outlaws low.

A man of lightning thought and ready action, he did not stop to inquire into the cause of this move in his favor, or who had aided

him, but hurled back the dead man who had held his throat and, with a bound, was astride of his splendid steed and dashing down the glen.

His companions rapidly followed, but knew not what to do, for they felt that their chief would visit vengeance upon them, or even then might be ambushed ahead to shoot them down; while believing that they had been betrayed by Bad Burke, whom they really had little confidence in, they concluded they would run the lesser risk for their lives and shout out for the prairies once more, where they could turn their attention to other pursuits that would gain them a living, but whether an honest or one not they were not particular.

Being good frontiersmen they took their bearings and struck for the low lands in all haste; but as they were never seen again on the border, and the skeletons of three men and their horses were found upon the banks of the Niobrara river, a year after, it is to be surmised that a violent death rid the settlers of their unwholesome society.

To return to their chief: after his flight from the gulch he urged his horse rapidly on, convinced by the absence of Bad Burke, that he was who had plotted the attack against him, for of late he had somewhat suspected the faith of his burly lieutenant.

Swearing vengeance against Bad Burke, if he should ever lay his hands upon him, or any of the treacherous crew who had entrapped him, Kansas King rode on at a sweeping gallop until mile after mile had been cast behind him, and his strength was not far away.

Fearing treachery there, also, upon the principle that a "burnt child dreads the fire," the chief determined to make a flank movement upon his camp, and approach it from the hills overhanging the vale where they were encamped, so that, in case his suspicions of danger to himself were aroused he could withdraw immediately and rapidly, and returning to the cabin of the Hermit Chief throw himself upon his protection, telling him frankly his men had turned traitors.

With this intention he changed his course, and turning into a narrow canon which he knew would lead him round toward the hills overhanging his camp, he urged his horse into a gallop, to suddenly rein him back upon his haunches with terrible force, for the sound of hoofs rapidly approaching through the gorge startled him.

Drawing his revolver, Kansas King sat quietly a waiting the coming stranger, whoever it might be, and an exclamation of delighted surprise broke from his lips as a steed dashed around the bend, bearing upon his back—a woman!

Yes, a woman; nay, a young girl, for she was none other than Ruth Ramsey, who, quickly discovering an unlooked-for obstacle in her path, attempted to draw rein; but too late; her steed was a willful animal not easily checked, and ere she could come to a halt the outlaw leader spurred alongside of her, and his left hand grasped her bridle-rein.

"Leo Randolph! You here?"

It was all the maiden could say, and across her face swept a deathly pallor.

"Yes, sweet Ruth, your lover of lang syne days is delighted to behold you once more," said the chief, with a tone of irony in his voice.

"Hold!"

The voice was that of a woman, and yet it had in it a stern and determined ring that brought the robber-chief and his captive to a sudden halt.

Before them, seated upon her horse, and with her rifle leveled at the broad breast of Kansas King, was Pearl, the Maid of the Hills.

And at the command Kansas King drew rein, and quickly said:

"Well, girl, what would you?"

"That you ride on and leave that maiden alone," firmly replied Pearl.

"Ha! a stern command from such sweet lips; but, what if I refuse?"

"I will kill you."

"Harsher still, my mountain beauty; but your aim may not be true, and—"

"One wave of my hand, Kansas King, and you may find out how true is my aim. Do you think the Pearl of the Hills a fool that she comes this far from her home unprotected?"

and the maiden spoke as though there were a hundred warriors at her back.

"Ruth, all these things were told against me; yes, it was proven that I had been brought up by a fond mother who idolized her boy, yet upon whose life a stain rested, and hence the curse fell upon the son.

"That mother died, Ruth, and then came the news to her son that a brand rested upon his life.

"Was it any wonder, then, that he threw away the advantages bestowed upon him by his loving mother, and became a wild and reckless outcast?

"Oh, Ruth, you know not how I have suffered, and what a curse, a misery my life has been; and if you knew you would pity me—and pity begets love"—tis said—say, you love me once, Ruth," and the chief laid his hand softly upon the gloved hand of the maiden, who, quietly withdrawing, replied kindly:

"I thought I loved you once, Leo; but I knew not my heart; and yet had your life been different, and not a blot upon the earth, we might have been more to each other than lovers; but you have not forgotten that when my father exiled you from our home, and Ruth spoke half aloud, her eyes downcast, as though musing with the past.

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The author has quite outdone himself in this fine serial. It will be eagerly perused by all who enjoy the best type of Western romance.

Sunshine Papers.

Buttons Off Your Shoes.

Are there any off? Yes! Bad! bad! very bad, indeed! I'll tell you why. A young man—ah, you are interested now. I imagined I should gain your attention immediately; for as surely as the magnetic needle is attracted toward the pole, so surely is femininity attracted by masculinity, and—in a whisper be it said—vice versa. That is just why I am going to talk to you about buttons off your shoes.

Such a digression! Your pardon, mademoiselles! To return. A young man, and he is as nice—and just a wee bit nice—as the average good young men are, has asked me to pick him out a wife.

There! don't be excited over it! He isn't, in fact, he's quite cool. Besides, introductions are necessary.

He is fair and manly to look upon, has taken honors at college, has no great vices, is a professional man, with sunshiny skies before him, plenty of friends, promises for a brilliant future, and doesn't tell any more fibs than most lawyers.

About his wife. He does not care whether she be rich or poor. Isn't he marvelous? And her age; well, age is often such a delicate question with us belles, we'll leave that out. She must be pretty; put wouldn't you form an indignation meeting (righteous, of course) if it was hinted that any one of you failed to meet that requisition—and educated, and healthy, and possessed of Christian graces. These are his ideas of her. But, as I am to pick her out, I shall be ten times more fastidious. Men are such ignorant creatures, until enlightened by experience, concerning the "little things," which, after all, make up the sum total of a true, wifely, womanly woman,

I will not choose for him a girl who has buttons off her shoes!

I am aware experimentally that none of the buttoned shoes sold partake of angelic qualities. Even Job, model of patience that he was, would have been—no, I'll not assert it positively, never having been personally acquainted with the gentleman—might have been tried with them, if he had been a woman, and lived in an age of button shoes. The buttons do come off, sadly I acknowledge it. But there is no need of ever wearing shoes from which any of those little articles are off duty.

You can't help it, sometimes! Nonsense! a fib! you can!

It's only a moment's task to replace a button when it rips. Yet you finish fastening the boots and wear them down to breakfast with the buttons off! You go into the street with a button off! You can not spare the time to replace one, and wait until two or three are gone!

Then you are careless, procrastinative, unmethodical and untidy!

If buttons are off your boots, it is pretty safe to believe that what you wear under those boots have yawning apertures in them. You will wear suits before completion; put on clothes that are ripped, torn, and soiled; never know where needed articles can be found; and, as a wife and housekeeper, your own, your husband's, and your children's wardrobes will be continually dilapidated. You will be without system or punctuality in your domestic arrangements; will have careless servants, a disorderly house, a cheerless home. And, as a result, the chances are—a discouraged, truant husband.

Ab! my friend must not marry you!

Are you careful and thorough? When you buy new boots you will give each button a strong fastening before using them.

You do this? Then you will never wear unfinished garments; will try all strings, hooks and eyes, and buttons, when the clean clothes come up from the wash, putting stitches in unreliable ones; your housekeeping arrangements will be orderly; your duties fulfilled methodically; your servants superintended, and trained to cleanliness, tidiness, and economy.

Are you neat and punctual? When you are taking off, or putting on, your boots and a button rips and rolls away into a corner, or under the washstand, you will hunt it up and immediately replace it.

You do this? Then your husband will never wear buttonless shirts or ripped coats; he will find his handkerchief, slippers, and brushes in their places; will never be late to church, committee meeting or court, because dinner was not ready. There will be no dust on or under your bureau; no torn flounces to mend, when you are hurriedly dressing for a promenade; no silver missing; no dilapidated articles marring the beauty of your rooms. Your meals will be carefully prepared and properly served. Yours will be a genial, well-ordered, charming home.

And any one of you careful, thorough, neat, punctual girls, who never wear your boots with a button missing, my friend may marry.

A button off shoe a trifling matter!—nay, it is an unfailing index of character.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SPRING.

WHEN the spring time comes everything appears to wear a change and new life seems to be bestowed upon mankind and woman-kind.

The careful housekeeper goes about looking like some nondescript, armed with broom and mop, duster and dustpan, to luxuriate in that feminine weakness, "housecleaning"—the very name of which causes a frown to mantle the brow of the masculine head of the house as he contemplates the rack and ruin before him, the confusion of articles, the vision of cold dinners and the taking down of refractory stove pipes, making any place better than home on such occasions. The voice throughout the land crieth, "goodness gracious, Maria, why cannot they clean house by machinery?"

And Maria exclaims, as you howl with pain, "You careless John, you've trod on a tack in your stocking feet," which was very kind in her to say, but you were quite aware of the fact.

The spring-time sends forth the great army of peddlers and agents who think you have been hoarding your money through the winter for the express purpose of letting them have it in the spring. What second-sight powers some of these nomads do possess, for they always know just what you want and they tell you so, for whoever would think of contradicting an agent who is supposed to have traveled so far and seen so much more of life than they have!

Circuses and menageries break out in the spring-time and the public has its curiosity aroused by gazing on the startling posters—fearful pictures of men in dens of lions feeding the denizens of the forest with raw meat dripping with blood, and we shiver in horror, only to find when the scene actually comes that it is a most tame affair to behold. The clown thinks that the long winter has erased from our memories the jokes and stories he uttered last year, so does not take the trouble to learn new ones. But, stale as they are, we laugh at them again and think Mr. Merrymen a right-good fellow.

We long for spring that it may bring us a circus and menagerie. Yes, I go to the circus and I don't see why I need be ashamed to acknowledge it. I don't go because my little nephews and nieces attend and I merely to take care of them. I go because I want to, myself. So, now!

The farmer begins his work when the spring-time comes, and it is sometimes rather dirty work, but if it wasn't for this dirty work I don't know how we could live, for we are very dependent on agriculture, so we ought to bless the farmer and his labor.

Authors seem to breathe in fresh inspiration at this season and we all benefit by it in the shape of good reading. Nature seems to give them an impetus to strive to excel all their previous efforts.

Even Miss Drowsy seems to arouse from her lethargy enough to ask papa whether he will take her to Saratoga or Long Branch, and she will even walk down Broadway to show her new bonnet and dress, "when the spring-time comes, gentle Annie."

Everything seems to breathe forth new life; the trees blossom, the birds carol among the branches, the air is invigorating and rouses one's energy, windows are thrown open to let the pure air into the house, and it seems to be one universal time of rejoicing. But it makes us restless and we want to be off and away, to wander about the world. Some of us cannot do that, however, as the money is not forthcoming, so we must e'en content ourselves where we are and thank Providence we are no worse off.

At the present rate I bid fair to exchange

The tired clerks and scholars know that vacation is not far away, and that prospect cheers them in their work and tasks. Trade revives and the clerks are oftentimes made to forget their weariness in their abundance of business. For the task seems not so hard in doing as it does in the thinking of doing it.

Cheerfulness reigns and people fairly bubble over with excitement. Anticipation of summer joys to come keep the heart young, and the foreshadowing of pleasures makes the appetite keener for them.

Let us throw off our sluggish sleep and rejoice while nature rejoices. Throw dull feelings and cares to the winds, or bury them deep in the cellar. Be busy; keep at your employment. Don't hurry. "Slow and sure" is Nature's motto; let it be ours as well.

Infuse life into your work. Have courage and faith.

If I have written in a somewhat jubilant strain I cannot help it. Spring has made me light-hearted and gladsome. From the bottom of my heart I say, "Thank God for the spring-time."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Trials of a Postmaster.

To the Bosses of the Post-office Department:

GENTLEMEN: With this letter I beg to tender my resignation as postmaster of this town. I hope you will be good enough to allow me to be resign. Life is short. When I first took this office I was in the prime of life; existence was sweet to me; I had life enough to stock three or four men; my sky was cloudless; the sun lit my steps by day and the moon by night; the birds sang; the katydids chirruped; I had an affection for even my poor relations on my wife's side; I would not have traded myself off for any other six men in the country with any amount of boot—or shoe; dogs didn't bark at me; vultures were soothed to my appetite; bunions and corns I had none, and I was afraid of nobody until there came an evil day when I accepted this position, and I have been going down-hill ever since at a bumping rate. My trials have been more than I can endure; I don't want to be postmaster so much. I want to repose; I would rather manage and drive a drove of untamed cats across the continent than to run a post-office. I have had to suffer the tortures of the big bass-drums at the Centennial.

If any money happened to be lost by mail I had to suffer the consequences of it, whether I had it or not. This has been a hard thing to bear, especially when a man is doing all he can to be honest, even going so far as to put himself often to personal inconvenience.

Have I not been requested four hundred times a day to put a stamp on letters, even when I had to furnish the slips, until I got so tired of licking stamps that I have had to resort to licking the asker, and stamping him until he was hardly liable to be classed as small matter! That's what's the matter.

Suppose I put a letter in the wrong box; the owner of that box has been looking for a letter for a long time; there's the letter he is expecting; his heart beats; there's millions in it; he takes it out; sees the mistake; then pours upon me such a vast amount of abuse that it would fill the mails for a week. Stand it! Certainly I have to stand it, for often he is as big as I am or larger.

Squiggenhopper comes in and asks if there's a letter for him. No letter. He says there ought to be. I say certainly. He says I haven't looked. I say I'd surely recollect the name. He says look and see. I see he is ready to drop through the delivery like a letter and establish an extra mail route, so I look and tell him it is not there. He asks when it will come. I tell him it is on the road now and will be here in a day or two. He says he is bold and responsible, and departs, leaving me in fears that he will.

An old Irishwoman calls and says she wants to buy a letter, laying down three cents. "Who do you want to buy a letter from?" says I. "From my son Patrick in Ireland," says she. "We haven't any on hand from him," says I.

"And what is your name?" says I. "And what business is yours?" says she. "Not a bit," says I. "Can you tell me where there is an other post-office in town?" says she. "I can't," says I. "Then where is the nearest one?" I shall not patronize this post-office at all," says she; "where a poor widdy has to rescue a insult" says she, "and I'll do all I can," says she. "to get your customers to go to some other letter shop," says she, "as sure as my name is Biddy O'Flaherty," says she, and off she goes.

This isn't all. I have to stand and see everything a soldier; the mouth is tightly compressed as that of a soldier; the mouth is dangerous or safe in proportion to the amount of gas it gives off. There is a "fire test" standard for determining the relative safety of the illuminating oil offered in the market, and everything under one hundred and ten degrees fire test is considered unsafe. Three simple rules, if faithfully observed, will make coal oil as safe as gas.

Buy from a merchant whom you can depend on for having the oil well properly tested, keep the oil in your lamp above the middle of the chamber designed for it. Then you can carry the lamp around the house, blow down the chimney, or do anything else you please with it; your only remaining chance of becoming a martyr to kerosene is to attempt to "help" the kitchen fire with it. That seldom fails.

People hand in a letter and ask if I won't have the goodness to hurry off and take it to its destination, perhaps Chicago, and go out, firmly under the belief that I will do it.

I have had people growl like everything because they got nothing in their boxes, and could only pacify them by giving them a box on the other side of the office, in expectation of it being a better location, with more chance of catching something. They have even insisted in getting possession of other people's boxes who get more letters than they do!

Men going away come and tell me not to let their wives have their mail while they are absent, and I can't see why they are so thoughtful.

When I haven't enough letters to go around I am placed in the most uncomfortable position, because everybody expects one, and in small families of nine every one will run and inquire three times a day, and promise to call again.

I am constantly worn out by people coming in and wanting two stamps for five cents, and people have got to put so much on postal cards, and writing it so fine, that it is a very sore task to my eyes to read half of them, and I am obliged to skip a good many. This isn't all.

The farmer begins his work when the spring-time comes, and it is sometimes rather dirty work, but if it wasn't for this dirty work I don't know how we could live, for we are very dependent on agriculture, so we ought to bless the farmer and his labor.

Even Miss Drowsy seems to arouse from her lethargy enough to ask papa whether he will take her to Saratoga or Long Branch, and she will even walk down Broadway to show her new bonnet and dress, "when the spring-time comes, gentle Annie."

I have backed letters until I have broken my back; they have asked me to forward letters, which I have thought was a forward request; they have even gone so far as to ask me to write to my eyes to read half of them, and I am obliged to skip a good many. This isn't all.

At the present rate I bid fair to exchange

this post for that other post illuminated by lamp, or else will seek repose down among the dead letters.

I have a notion to sell out at auction and quit the business, or go into respectable bankruptcy if my resignation is not accepted.

Your Post Mortem,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

A correspondent of an English paper advocating the protection of the crow, states that having shot crows in a cornfield, he opened their stomachs, expecting to find them full of grain. On the contrary, he discovered that they contained a large number of caterpillars, whose ravages on the crop were quite evident. In the Barbadoes, the negroes call the crow the "blessing of God," from the aid which it gives in destroying cockroaches. In this country the bird is slaughtered ruthlessly, where the law does not prohibit the disgraceful destruction. In New Jersey the law protects all insectivorous birds, but notwithstanding this beneficent provision, many farmers and their boys will murder the

"WHEN MYRA DIED."

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

"Hold me a little longer
Before the shadows fall."
Behind a bank of silver the flush-faced sun sets low,
While up the sweet green hillsides the ruddy farms
boys go.
To give the cows their call.

Shrill from between each pair of hills
The plaint of early whippowil.
Is heard the frogs
And from the ponds the peeping frogs
Send forth their notes, and from the bogs
The air is stirred.

Across the marsh the kildeer skims,
To rest at last some farm-yard limb;
And while so swiftly winging,
What mockery of singing!
Ah! if to-night their souls were sad,
A song of wauding Galahad.
Who could wonder?

There is no sign upon the skies
Of anguish and life and happiness;
For they are spread across the eyes
To shut out death's deep mysteries,
And blind them to their near distress.
Yet this were best—ay, this were best,
Since it is Christ the Lord's behest.

The air is growing chillier,
And the homeward-driving miller
Down the road
Swings his load
With a sense of cold alarm
That's time he reached the farm.

In that farmer's dingy kitchen
Sits the soul, "all alone;"
Her little face is pressed to his—
His arm is 'round her thrown;
And both are God's together,
And each the other's own! * * *

* Her mother told me of it,
And her voice was like a knell.
"Hold me a little longer—
Yes, more I heard her tell;
Said she: "There! that was all she spoke
Before the shadows fell!"

The Men of '76.**ETHAN ALLEN,**
The Green Mountain Patriot.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ETHAN ALLEN was one of the "men of the times"—a plain, hard-working, roughly-educated farmer, transformed by the exigency of the situation into a leader of turbulent spirits.

Several years before the Revolution, Allen and the "Green Mountain Boys" had more than a local fame. The so-called "War of the New Hampshire Grants" was aroused by the attempt of New York to extend its colonial and political authority over all the territory theretofore under the jurisdiction of New Hampshire—up to the west bank of the Connecticut river, north of the Massachusetts line. It brought forth such spirits as Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, who, acting as directors and leaders in the resistance to the New York "royal" officers and processes, were outlawed and banned and a price put upon their bodies. But no power existed to enforce their capture; most of the inhabitants of the region in dispute sympathized with and supported the leader of the "Boys," who rallied at his call, and his personal liberty was in but small danger. His so-called "lawless acts" continued up to the moment when all "royal" commissions and officers were repudiated.

The name of Ethan Allen was so well known in Connecticut (where he was born, A. D. 1739), that when the blood of Lexington called for reprisal, and a few daring spirits proposed to at once wrest from Great Britain the fortress of Ticonderoga, in order to pave the way for a conquest of the Canadas, the projectors very naturally turned to Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys.

Allen was a "patriot," through and through. He had for a considerable time been an outspoken "liberty man"; he not only had talked for liberty but had written pamphlets addressed to his fellow-citizens, in which he inculcated many of the sentiments afterward embodied in the immortal Declaration of Independence, respecting the rights of man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Hence the Revolution found in him a zealous supporter—not one who believed in, or who wanted any "reconciliation" with king and ministry; and the mere suggestion to seize the king's great fortress on Lake Champlain—wrested from the French after so much suffering and bloodshed—was just the "overt act" which he believed would make reconciliation impossible.

The secrecy of this movement against Ticonderoga was well preserved. We are told that only eight days after the Lexington and Concord massacre, several members of the Connecticut Provincial Assembly on their individual responsibility borrowed one thousand dollars from the Province treasury, to defray the expense of a committee to proceed to the frontier towns and organize an expedition for the seizure of the fortress—this seizure having been suggested to them, a month before, by Samuel Adams, of Boston, and Dr. Joseph Warren. The blood spilled at Lexington hastened the project. The committee of organization started from Connecticut with sixteen men. At Pittsfield, Mass., they were joined by Col. Jas. Easton and others, and proceeded on to Bennington, on Lake Champlain, there to find in Ethan Allen the willing leader of the daring adventure. The expedition was quickly organized and rendezvoused at Castleton, where an election by the recruits made Allen first, Easton second, and Seth Warner third in command of a force not numbering two hundred men, wholly without cannon, and armed most unifitly for an assault on a powerful fortification.

Divisions having been sent off to scour the lake for boats, the main body moved down to Orwell, opposite Ticonderoga. There Benedict Arnold came riding in, armed with a colonel's commission from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, and bearing orders from it and Sam Adams to take charge of the expedition. But neither Allen nor his men cared for the commission or order; they welcomed Arnold as a recruit, and as such he embarked in the adventure.

The divisions having failed to come in with the boats, Allen dared not wait longer in the darkness; so, using what transport they had, the crossing commenced—Allen, Arnold, and their guide to the fort (a lad named Nathan Beman), in the first boat. But when daylight was near at hand only eighty-three men were over. To wait for the rest was to hazard discovery. It was assault or retreat with the force at hand. Addressing the men, Allen said:

"Friends and fellow soldiers: you have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and in person to conduct you through the wicket-gate, for we must, this morning, either quit our pretensions

to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes. And, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any one contrary to his will. You that will undertake, voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

Every musket or rifle was brought to a poise. Immediately Allen placed himself at the head of the center column, and the whole body started on a run up the height where the great fortress now rested in the deepest repose. Not a word was spoken. The gate was reached. It was closed, but the wicket was open, guarded by a single sentry. His surprise was complete. He snapped his gun and then ran up the covered way, followed by Allen and all his men, who, as they formed in a hollow square on the parade, sent up a wild Indian whoop—the first alarm the startled garrison had of an enemy's presence. The single sentry on guard before the quarters thrust his bayonet into one of the men, only to be struck by Allen a stunning blow on the head—not to kill but to disarm him. Then, led by the boy Nathan, up a flight of steps to the commandant's room, Allen thundered at the door, calling to Captain Delaplace:

"Come out and surrender, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison."

Having been aroused by the hubbub below, the captain was then on his feet, with his clothes in his hand. Opening the door at once, he was met by a rough demand for his immediate surrender.

"By what authority?" he demanded.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" was the astounding reply, while Allen swung aloft his sword, threatening.

Delaplace had no alternative; he said, "I surrender," and forthwith ordered the garrison to parade without arms, but not until Allen's men had commenced making prisoners. One captain, one lieutenant, and forty-eight men constituted the garrison. The fort inventoried one hundred and twenty cannon, besides a fine store of small arms, ammunition, etc.

Warner having soon arrived with his scouts—the real "Green Mountain Boys"—was dispatched to secure the works and garrison at Crown Point, which he did the next day, adding eleven men and sixty-one good cannon to their "inventory." Then Arnold and Allen settled their differences by a kind of joint com-

Allen was treated very cruelly by General Prescott, who, finding that he had the hero of Ticonderoga in his hands, seemed anxious to mortify and degrade him and his men. He was handcuffed and leg-chained; then thrust into a vessel held and sent to Quebec; and thence to Great Britain, suffering greatly by his brutal usage and the small quarters assigned to thirty-four prisoners. The record of that voyage stands as a lasting disgrace to the British name. In Great Britain, however, he was treated with the consideration due a brave soldier and honorable man. He arrived at Falmouth a few days before Christmas, but was transferred to a frigate of war to prevent being taken out of imprisonment by the process of habeas corpus. The frigate ran for Cork harbor, and there the generous Irish took every pains to properly clothe and feed the prisoners on the frigate. From Cork the frigate finally sailed (February 12th) for America, with the fleet, and May 3d the ship dropped anchor in Cape Fear harbor, North Carolina. There the prisoners were transferred to another vessel and sent to Halifax, touching at New York on the way, and all were again treated with scandalous severity.

After imprisonment in the jail at Halifax he was returned to New York, in October, 1776, and released on parole, in the city. There he witnessed the dreadful suffering of Americans taken at the battle of Long Island. Over two thousand perished by the brutal cruelty of their captors. Not until early in May, 1778, was he finally exchanged. He then made his way to Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge. Washington gave him a very handsome welcome, and Allen's health being much impaired, he started for home, reaching Bennington May 31st (1778), to the glad surprise of everybody. Guns were fired and the sturdy patriot given a general welcome.

Allen did not again enter the army. The old "war of the grants" being renewed, by reason of the asserted independence of the new State of Vermont, that State was deeply excited for several years over the rival claims of New Hampshire, New York and Massachusetts for jurisdiction, and a condition almost of civil war prevailed, which Congress failed to settle. Allen, as commander-in-chief of the militia, was the guiding spirit of the movement for independency. He was, during this time, one of the officers, advancing at once toward the miner, and laying his hand heavily upon his shoulder. "I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth!"

"Arrest me! and for what?" demanded the miner, calmly, of the officer.

"For the abduction and forcible detention

"DEAR MR. HARLEY:
I am in haste. I learn that you have sent for our Tom Worth, a miner. If you value your daughter's safety, come for her as soon as he comes, see to it that he does not leave your house before eleven o'clock. In one word, he is the villain, after all! I am myself, from certain circumstances recently transpiring, satisfied that he planned the abduction of your sweet daughter."

"Again I beg you to keep him until eleven o'clock, when I will arrive, with officers."

"Truly and sympathizingly yours,

"FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE."

The reader will now, doubtless, understand the vengeful glance old Richard Harley had cast at his rough-looking visitor, and will likewise know why the ex-merchant consulted the clock-dial so nervously. For it must be remembered that the interview was at an end, and Tom Worth had risen for the third time to his feet, to go.

When the bell had sounded, and the hall was filled with a body of men, old Mr. Harley sprang to his feet, and facing Tom Worth, exclaimed, as he shook his finger menacingly in his face:

"Wait, villain! you are wanted!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the miner, as a scowl passed over his face. He glanced around him. But he could say no more, nor take a step in any direction, even were he so inclined; for, at that moment, the door of the library was opened, and a squad of police officers appeared. Among them, in the background, stood Fairleigh Somerville, his face showing a strange admixture of triumph and fear.

Tom Worth's face paled slightly at the sight of the officers, and a flash of appreciation—of a right understanding of the situation of affairs, flitted like lightning over his face. Then there came a quick, angry writhing of that face. This, however, was transitory, and an iron-like composure succeeded it as his gaze sought Fairleigh Somerville's face.

"That is the man, there, my men," said that young gentleman, in a distinct, though rather nervous voice.

"You are my prisoner, Tom Worth!" said one of the officers, advancing at once toward the miner, and laying his hand heavily upon his shoulder. "I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth!"

"Arrest me! and for what?" demanded the miner, calmly, of the officer.

"For the abduction and forcible detention

As they reached a prison-van which was in waiting, at the street gate, the policeman turned and said:

"Mr. Somerville, you are expected to be at the alderman's office, in Penn street, this afternoon, at four o'clock."

He was about directing Tom to get into the van, when the prisoner asked:

"Will you allow me, sir, to go over to my cabin, to get a few necessary things to serve me in jail?"

"Certainly, my man," replied the officer, promptly, "but I hardly think it will be as bad as that. From what I have heard of you, I am sure you have a friend who will bail you."

"No, sir; I must go to jail; I do not wish bail. I will go to jail and await justice; it will come, some day."

The policeman said no more; but when Tom Worth had entered the disreputable van, he entered also, having first directed the driver to go over the river to Tom's cabin, as the prisoner had requested.

The news of Tom Worth's arrest, for the abduction of Miss Grace Harley, spread like wildfire through Pittsburgh. It was duly announced in the afternoon papers, and various were the comments made upon the news. Among Tom's acquaintances, the miners, the excitement was intense. He was widely and well known, not only in his own mine—the Black Diamond—but in many others, among the Coal Hills, and his arrest fell upon them with a stunning force.

It were difficult to tell the effect of these woeful tidings on old Ben Walford. When the old man first heard it he was deep down in one of the levels of the mine. A miner who had heard the news at the shaft came by and told him. The old man paused as if shot, and a terrible shudder crept over him.

Before he had recovered himself, and before he could ask any questions, the man had passed on.

There was an iron rigidity about old Ben's face, as, without another word to his wondering companions, the old man turned off. As he pursued his way swiftly through the dark, underground "streets" toward the shaft, he muttered:

"'Tis false! 'tis false! My boy is no scoundrel, and young Somerville is He is at the bottom of this, I know. I'll not doubt my boy—never!"

He reached the shaft, and signaling for the bucket, was soon on the outside world again. The old man at once sought out Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer.

That gentleman had just read the news in the paper, and was sitting now, with brooding countenance, gazing vacantly at his feet.

"Bad news, Ben—that of Tom—and 'tis hard to believe. But, then, it comes straight. You know young Somerville—"

"Is a scoundrel, Mr. Hayhurst!" blurted old Ben, right out.

"Not so loud, Ben, or you may get into trouble."

"I hope, Mr. Hayhurst, you don't believe the story?" said old Ben, almost fiercely.

"I don't know what to believe, Ben," said Mr. Hayhurst, "but I'll tell you one thing: Tom has always been a good fellow, and he shall have justice!"

"Thank you, thank you kindly, Mr. Hayhurst. Yes! he shall have justice!"

"Meet me this afternoon, Ben, at the alderman's office. At all events, I'll see that the poor fellow, guilty or not guilty, does not go to jail."

"God bless you, Mr. Hayhurst, for your kind heart! And, depend upon it, I'll be there!"

It may be readily imagined that the alderman's little office was packed. It was known all over the city that a preliminary examination of the prisoner would be held there at four o'clock; and as the case, from its very flagrancy, excited much interest, and created great indignation, everybody seemed anxious to be present, and see the man, so humble in life, so well spoken of heretofore, who had been accused as the bold perpetrator of this crime upon law and society.

Hence, long before the hour for the examination, the scene in front of the alderman's office was an animated one. Merchants and miners, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls—all swelled the crowd—each doing his or her best to perform what was almost an impossibility—to squeeze into the little room, already so full that suffocation of all hands was imminent.

At length the prison van appeared. In a few minutes it forced its way through the crowd and drew up at the alderman's office.

The assembly swayed to and fro, but was suddenly hushed to almost absolute silence, as the prisoner, clad in the same coarse garments in which he had visited the splendid mansion of Richard Harley, Esq., and carrying a bundle under his arm, descended quietly from the van; and, preceded and followed by an officer, entered the office.

As he did so, a stentorian voice in the surging crowd shouted, aloud:

"I am here, Tom, and will never desert you!"

The poor miner gave a quick, grateful glance around, and saw the powerful form of old Ben Walford performing deeds worthy of Hercules in his mighty endeavors to get closer to him.

And then Tom Worth stood before the alderman.

CHAPTER XII.

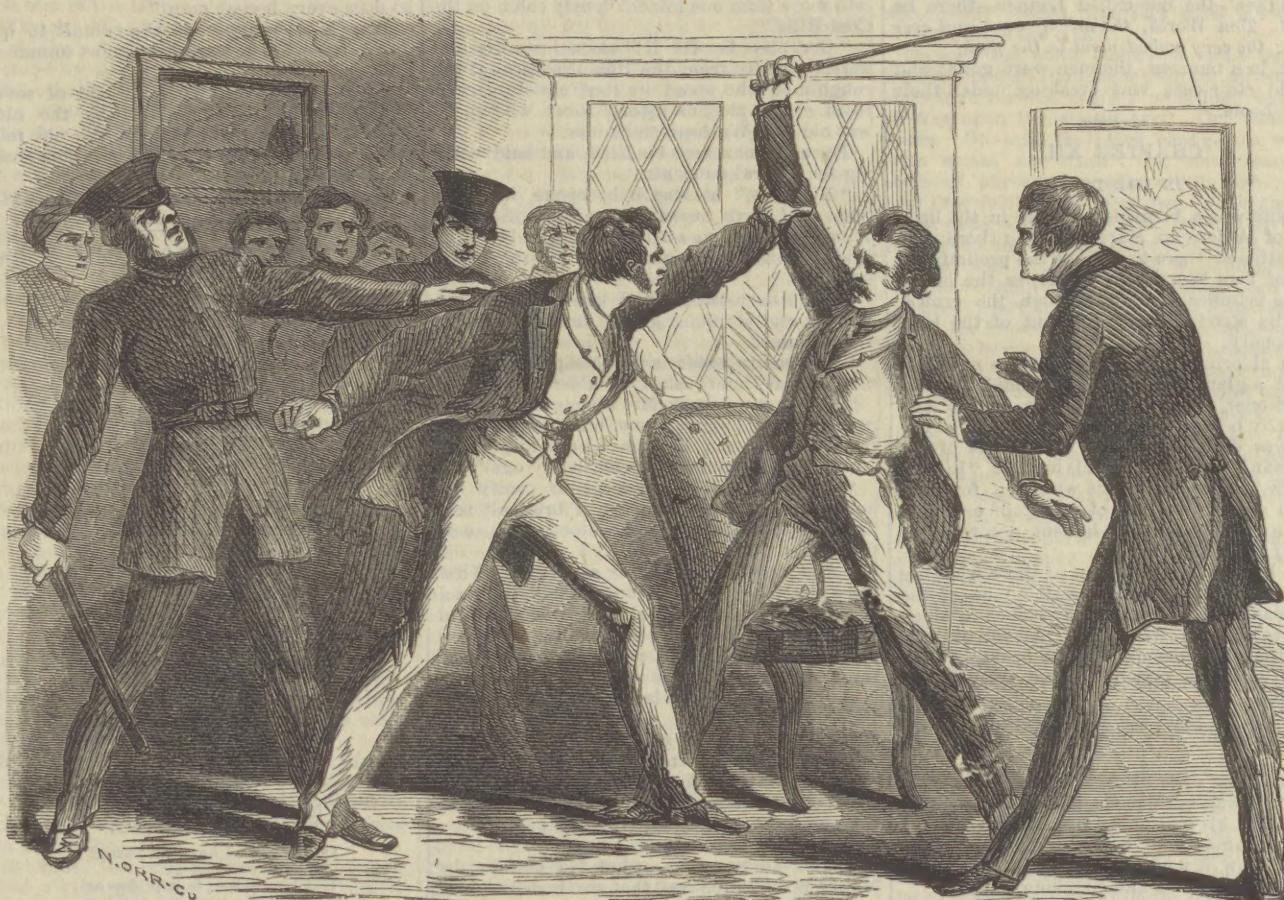
THE MEETING IN THE SHINLEY.

OPPOSITE East Common, by Christ church—the commons and their extensions now known as the Alleghany Parks—and to the right of Nunnery Hill, as you go up Union avenue, is a collection of small, squaid tenement-houses, extending for a considerable distance, and called by the general title of the Shinley Property.

As every city, town and hamlet has a disreputable quarter, so is the Shinley Property the disreputable quarter of Pittsburgh's most charming suburb—Alleghany City. For years this property has borne the name by which it is now known; and in the local annals of Alleghany City it has become quite notorious in many respects, which we need not particularly

Suffice it to say, that those who should know state very emphatically that it were difficult to find a place in any other city of the United States, or of the world, which could, in looseness of life—in the utter depths of infamy—rival the dens and haunts of the wicked and abandoned in the Shinley Property of Alleghany City.

By respectable people there are some parts of this diseased and vice-infested quarter which are shunned, even under the glare of the noon-day sun; and after nightfall, they would as soon think of wading the Ohio, with impunity, as to pass through the purloins and lanes of the Shinley Property. In mildest language, it was a bad place, and it may per-



He turned quickly, and striding toward the prisoner, raised a whip.

approached by British emissaries to alienate Vermont from the rest of the States and to place it under the protection of British arms, but Allen was not to be won from true independence, and staid at home during all the rest of the struggle with Great Britain to fight out the right of Vermont to a State's existence.

This bitter controversy was prolonged until 1790 before a final settlement was effected. January 10th, 1791, the first General Assembly of Vermont met at Bennington, and the State was formally admitted into the Union, February 15th, 1791.

But Allen did not survive to witness this successful issue of his own and co-patriots' labors, for he died suddenly by a stroke of apoplexy, February 12th, 1791, at Bennington, where his body yet lies entombed.

Allen was one of those bold spirits which would brook no dictatorial authority over body or mind. Brave to a remarkable degree, he was aggressive and ready for action at all times. His strong sense of personal rights and public liberty made him champion what he construed to be liberty of conscience, and much that he wrote and said characterized him as an infidel of the Voltaire persuasion; but he was thoroughly honest, generous, and kind as a neighbor, citizen and friend, and his peculiarities of "belief" were found to be more an expression

haps deserve the title, that has been bestowed upon it, of a *moral fester*.

Be all that as it may, it is into this place we must ask the reader to follow us on the night succeeding the abduction of Grace Harley—the same on which, earlier in the evening, Fairleigh Somerville had visited old Ben, the miner, in his cabin on the mountain.

This night, about an hour after midnight, two men were to be seen picking their way cautiously along the narrow street which lay next to Nurney Hill. They proceeded but a short distance, when they turned suddenly into a small, dark alley—so narrow that they could not walk abreast singly, but were compelled to go sideways, one after the other. Emerging, however, very soon from the further end of the gloomy passage, they entered a court, and approached a flight of rickety stairs, leading, outside, up to the second story of a low brick house.

The men rapidly ascended to the staging without looking behind them. In a few moments they were on the staging.

"Make the signal, Teddy," said one of the men, softly.

The man addressed put his hands to his mouth, and created a low, flute-like sound or whistle.

A moment only elapsed when, apparently from the rem test depths of the old house, an answer, low and guarded, was returned.

Without waiting, the man called Teddy pushed open the door, and entered a dark room beyond, saying:

"'Tis all right, Launce; the boss is here, and we'll get our money! Come!" and both men disappeared within, closing and securing the door behind them.

For a moment they groped around, and finally paused before another door within. On this they gave a peculiar rap. The door was opened at once, and a flood of brilliant light shone forth, illuminating the gloomy depths of the antechamber with a splendor almost startling.

The men at once entered, hat in hand; and then the door closed, as if of its own accord, behind them.

Seated at a table in the comfortable, well-furnished apartment, was a very tall but slender man. A heavy beard of dark hair covered all the lower portion of his face; a slouched hat was drawn well over his eyes, obscuring the upper portion of his face. An overcoat of thick stuff clung loosely around his person, and reached to his feet.

The man's hands were gloved, and over his left shoulder, on the back, was an immense, disfiguring hump.

He was, as the reader well knows, the same mysterious person whom we have seen on a previous occasion, in the old house, on Boyd's Hill—though, if the truth be told, not much of a hump could then be seen—certainly not enough to be noticeable.

In front of the man was a large cut-glass decanter, and several costly goblets. The odor coming from the unstopped decanter proclaimed it to be brandy. To his right hand lay a heavy revolving pistol, and by it a large portmanteau.

The man laid down a pencil and pushed aside a scrap of paper, as the two men entered. He had evidently been making notes.

"Here at last, are you?" he exclaimed, in a half-surly manner.

"We are ahead of time, Mr.—boss," said the man Teddy, suddenly, as he saw a quick sign of warning from the other.

"Yes, and you always are when you expect money, but not when I want you," continued the man seated by the table, as if determined to find fault.

One of the men seemed inclined to retort, but a glance from his companion rest ed him.

"We need money very much, boss, for we have children, you know. Besides, that we—"

"Confound your children, and you, too! Don't prate to me about them!"

An angry flush flew over the man's dark face, and he dug his nails into the palms of his hands; but he kept back the fierce reply that had already sprung to his lips. And then he said very quietly, almost gently:

"Yes, yes, boss; but our little ones are very dear to us, and we, though rough and unfortunate men, hate mightily to hear the little things cry for bread."

Was it that the brute in the long overcoat was softened, that he glanced at the man quickly? or was it that he noticed the poor fellow's emphasis? At all events, he did not pursue the subject further, but contented himself with saying, simply:

"Boh!"

Till this time the men had been standing; but, at a sign from him, who was evidently their master—in the strongest sense of that word—they seated themselves on a sofa near the table.

Several moments passed in silence—the man who sat by the table paying no heed to the common-looking fellows on the sofa, but looking up at the ceiling and pulling meditatively at his long whiskers. At length, however, he glanced down and said, as if all at once wide-wake:

"Come, Launce; come, you and Teddy, and take a drink—something good. It will warm you up this raw night, and do you no harm," and he drew the decanter near to him, and poured out a large draught in each of the two tumblers.

The man named Launce came at once, and approached the table, but the other hesitated and kept his seat.

"Why don't you come, Teddy? I know you love liquor. Ah! You think I will poison you! Ha! Ha! No, indeed! I can not spare you yet, Teddy, and I would not poison you in such good stuff as this! Come, man; here, pour out for yourself, and I will drink the four ounces already in the goblet as a guaranty of good faith." So saying, he took the glass and tossed off the burning liquor at a gulp, and without grimace, down his throat.

Teddy waited no longer; he arose at once, and pouring out a large drink, drank it at a swallow, saying, at the same time:

"No, no, boss; I wasn't afraid to trust you; but you see, I can't stand much liquor."

"All right," replied the other; "but the less you take the less you can bear," and the tall man laughed, as if he had said something witty. "But, now to business!" he continued. "Sit down and tell me what you have heard to-day."

"We have both heard news," replied the man Teddy, his face brightening, as the strong brandy darted through his frame.

"And what is it, Teddy?"

"Why, sir, it's all over Alleghany and Pittsburgh, too, that old Harley's daughter has been taken off somewhere and by somebody. But nobody knows much about it."

"You don't say so! This is news! And who was the somebody?"

"Why, sir, 'tis not positive, you know; but, sir, they all say it was a fellow called Tom Worth, a miner in the Black Diamond."

"Glorious!" exclaimed the other. "And so Tom Worth did this daring deed?"

"Yes, sir; so 'tis said; and everybody believes it."

"Yes, Teddy, and 'tis very well that everybody should believe it," said the master, significantly, "and you and Launce know why."

"Of course we do; and you needn't tell us," said the man, somewhat suddenly and rudely. The brandy had evidently crazed him.

The man in the long overcoat reached out his hand suddenly, and grasped his pistol.

"None of your impudence, Teddy," he said, in a deep, stern voice, "or, by heavens, I'll shoot you through the head!"

"Shoot me, would you? Shoot, I say! That's better than to live the dog's life I now lead! And I such a slave to you, on account of a single cart-load of coal I stole from the mine—stole it to keep my poor wife warm—stole it to keep life and soul together in my dying child! Shoot, shoot! but remember I am ready!" and he drew a pistol from his bosom.

"And the day may be near at hand when your crimes—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the tall man, suddenly springing over the table, felled him to the floor at one blow with the butt of his pistol. And then, glaring like a tiger, he stood over his fallen foe.

The man called Launce drew near.

"Do not kill him, boss; he is drunk, and he has a wife and children. And, boss, he is of service to you. I'll sober him."

As he spoke he dragged the man into the adjoining room. Coming back, he filled a bucket with cold water, and returning drenched the senseless wretch with dash after dash of the chilling bath.

The man shivered, recovered his senses, awoke to his feet, and staggering back into the room, fell on his knees before him who had punished him, and said, humbly:

"Pardon me, boss—forgive me! Liquor crazes me. I will still serve you."

"Tis well, Teddy. And I will trust you; but mark me well, do not tempt me again I'll keep your pistol. Now, here, take your money; and you, too, Launce, and be off! You will find fifty dollars in each roll. 'Tis good pay, but the job was well done, and I am not stingy. Now, begone, for 'tis very late!"

The men received their money, and turned toward the door. As the light fell on the man's face—the one called Launce—there he stood! Tom Worth, the miner over and over again: the very embodiment in the flesh!

But, in a moment, the men were gone; and the old stair-case was creaking under their heavy boots.

CHAPTER XIII. IN THE DOCK.

THERE was a breathless silence in the little office of Alderman March, among those who had gathered there to witness the preliminary trial of Tom Worth, the miner, as the officer led the prisoner straight through the crowd, until he stood directly in front of the legal functionary.

The alderman did not hesitate a moment; he cast a glance at the tall, splendid form of the prisoner, who stood so boldly, yet so deferentially before him. Then he looked away.

It was difficult to read that glance of the alderman. And even in this humble "limb of the law," there were those watching for signs of evil or good intent—of a prejudiced mind, or of an open, honest judgment, according to the evidence and the law.

Old Ben Walford was one of those who thus scrutinized the almost impossible face of the alderman, and he saw that the glance to which we have referred, was kindly, and the old man knew that the alderman, in his heart, sympathized with the prisoner. And the old man was glad.

"What is your name, my man?" the alderman asked, in a kind tone, of the prisoner.

Casting his eyes aloft, for a moment, as if thinking away back in the past, while a bitter smile lifted his mustached lip, he said:

"My name, your honor! Why everybody should know it now! It is Tom Worth, your honor; herebefore a name reckoned honest."

"And honest now, my boy, or there's not one in Pittsburgh!" exclaimed Old Ben, who, by prodigies of wriggling, Herculean feats of strength, and considerable display of strategy, had worked his way close behind his unfortunate friend.

"And now, a question or so more. What were you doing on the Mount Washington road at that hour?" and the alderman looked him straight in the face.

The prisoner started perceptibly, and hesitated.

A cold, anticipating leer came to the face of Fairleigh Somerville, as he pushed himself still further from the ring of spectators pressing and crowding around the prisoner. He narrowly watched Tom Worth's face.

"You heard my question, prisoner?" asked the alderman, a little impatiently.

"Yes, yes, your honor; I heard it."

"Well, answer then: what led you to the Mount Washington road that particular night?"

The prisoner still hesitated.

"Speak!" said the alderman, authoritatively.

"I was there, sir, on—on business," was the salting answer.

"And that business—what was it?"

Again no response from the prisoner.

The alderman repeated the question.

"I cannot tell you, sir, now. I was on business; but, your honor, I cannot speak of it now, for I am not wholly satisfied myself. I must know that I am right before my lips shall be opened."

As he spoke these incomprehensible words, as glanced for the third time at Fairleigh Somerville, over whose face a livid pallor spread as he listened to Tom Worth's singular utterances. And he felt, too, the searching glitter that flashed from the miner's large blue eyes. He drew lightly back, but with a front of assumed coldness, said, harshly:

"I beg that your honor will insist that the prisoner shall tell his business on the road on Tuesday night."

"Again I say to you, Mr. Somerville, be silent; and be warned now, in time, to keep your suggestions to yourself."

The alderman looked up again, and addressing the prisoner, said:

"I shall propound to you a few questions, Tom Worth, to which you may, or may not answer, as it suits you. I am but doing my duty when I tell you to answer nothing when that answer may criminate you."

"Thank you, your honor; I appreciate your kindness, sir," said the prisoner.

"Do you swear or affirm?"

"Swear, sir," was the prompt reply.

The alderman took a Testament from the table and held it toward him.

"Take off your hat, prisoner, and place your right hand upon this book."

"Surely, your honor," suddenly and rudely exclaimed young Somerville, pushing forward, "surely, sir, you are not intending to allow a prisoner to testify in his own behalf!"

"Be silent, sir!" said the alderman, sternly.

"I am the judge of my own conduct, and shall interpret the law myself."

With a withering look, and not condescending to say another word, the alderman turned from Somerville, and administered the required oath to the prisoner.

There was a disposition to applaud this action among those assembled there, for, do what they could, and as prejudiced as many were against the prisoner, they were compelled to admire that lofty, athletic form—that splendid, labor-tanned face of the miner. But the alderman quickly stopped any such demonstration.

"A pin might have been heard to fall as all anxiously awaited the prisoner's answer. But Tom Worth's face was calm and imperturbable, as he quietly replied:

"With all deference, your honor, I decline to answer that question also."

The alderman looked chagrined, but he could say nothing in opposition. After a pause, he asked:

"Does your cabin lay in the direction of the Mount Washington road—I mean, toward the scenes of the abduction?"

"No, sir," was the prompt answer.

A triumphant look shot from Fairleigh Somerville's eyes as he hearkened to the question and the answer.

"One more question, Tom Worth, and I will be done with you. Did you return to your cabin after the events on the road?"

The prisoner hesitated a moment, and then said, distinctly:

"I did not, sir."

"Then—and this question is suggested by the other—where did you go?"

Tom Worth faltered not a moment, but answered:

"I decline to respond, your honor."

"Where do you work, my man?"

"In the 'Black Diamond' coal mine, your honor," was the prompt response.

"How long have you worked there?"

"Sixteen months, sir."

The alderman paused.

"Were you on the Mount Washington road on Tuesday night—the night of the abduction?"

"I was, your honor."

"Then tell what you heard, saw and did there."

"Yes, sir. It was about eight o'clock—perhaps not so late. I had been climbing the hill, and being tired, had seated myself by the roadside, away up on the top of the cliff. I suddenly heard carriage-wheels approaching at a rapid pace. Soon the carriage came in sight; and just then I heard some one halloo from the carriage. In an instant two tall, heavy fellows started from the roadside, and dashed upon the vehicle." He paused for a moment, and glanced suddenly at Somerville; but he continued:

"A fracas ensued, in the course of which the man who drove the carriage was either thrown or fell from his seat. The horses took fright at once, and darted toward the edge of the road, directly for the brink of the precipice. I then sprang forward and stopped the horses, sir, and, sir, saw that a lady was about to fall over the edge."

"Is Benjamin Walford present?" and he glanced around him.

"Me, me, your honor? Yes, sir; here I am, and I am not ashamed of my name; but I can tell you, I know nothing against that poor boy!" and, as the way was made for him, the old man, hat in hand, his long gray hair falling over his shoulders, came forward.

"Tell his honor, my boy! Tell him, and don't be ashamed!"

But Tom Worth paid no heed to this injunction.

Again the alderman shook his finger—this time very threateningly—toward the old miner.

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love from her who has risked so much to save you from sorrow and shame. Conduc me to the dressing-room and don't leave me with that insolent there."

She put her delicate glove tips upon the thunderstruck poet's arm, and, with as much haughtiness as if she was six feet in height, she sailed from the room, followed as closely as her grand train would permit, by her unwilling attendant.

In the dressing-room they found Maiblume in a state of dense bewilderment, who, frigidly ignoring Mr. Stanley's presence, received Coila in her arms, whispering tremulously:

"Do you think Mr. Wylie can have brought bad news of—of George?"

"Scarcely!" said the little lady, writhing away from her. "But wait, my sister; you shall soon hear your Coila belied. Meanwhile a still tongue is the best."

They drove away together in Mr. Verne's carriage, the messenger on the box beside the coachman. A servant led them to one of the smaller parlors where they found two gentlemen patiently awaiting their appearance. These were no other than our old acquaintance, Mr. Falcon, the solicitor, and Mr. Wylie, the artist.

As the others clustered round these gentle men, Coila's dark eyes roamed about the room and fixed themselves suspiciously upon the closed folding-doors which separated the next parlor from this.

She approached with rapid and noiseless step and was about to sweep them apart, when Wylie's long fingers closed on hers like a steel trap.

"Pray don't leave us, dear Miss De Vouze," said he, his malicious eyes rolling in ecstasy. "I'll take off your wraps myself if you'll only consent to stay."

They all turned and looked at him with as much interest as he led her, quiet and unresisting, to a sofa at the other end of the room, and took an arm-chair close beside her.

Mr. Falcon kept smiling affably, but in the meanwhile his piercing eyes were taking in every item of her appearance.

The ladies threw aside their wraps in silence—Mr. Verne and Mr. Stanley standing by perfectly nonplussed.

When all were seated, Mr. Falcon alone standing in an obsequious attitude, and prefacing his remarks with a deprecative little bow and cough, he said:

"This is rather a disagreeable business, ladies and gentlemen, but the best way is to get through with it as quickly as possible. I am the lawyer who drew up the late Mrs. Stanley's will; Mr. Stanley will remember how surprised I was at its disappearance. I knew by the contents that the late Mrs. Stanley could not have destroyed it herself, and, in fact, I vowed that I would find out the mystery if it took me ten years to do it. I never was so affronted in my life," said Mr. Falcon casting a look of meek reproach upon Mr. Stanley, "as when my word was doubted and I couldn't prove it true. I kept worrying my head about that affair, but couldn't neglect my business to follow it up. At last I thought of Wylie here, an old chum of mine, who had spoiled the best detective ever born with eagle's eyes, by turning artist, and as I knew he was ordered by his physicians to idle about for a year, and that he had an uncommon relish for solving a mystery, I went to him and just told him all about it, and he promised to run the thing down by way of wholesome pastime and to oblige an old friend. This, ladies and gentlemen, is all I've got to do with the business. Wylie will now tell, his experience."

Mr. Falcon retired modestly to a chair which he placed directly in front of the folding-doors, nodding and smiling to his obliging friend to proceed.

Before he had opened his mouth, Coila's white face, encircled by an aureole of glinting and glittering gems, bent closer to his, while her little hot hand stole into his.

"Monsieur," muttered she, in a voice inaudible to all the others, "you do not break your word to me, do you? There are still two days."

"All right!" drawled he, in his usual distinct tones; "I ain't the one to betray the innocent."

She sunk back, closing her eyes.

"My story may be interesting," began he, glancing toward the group across the apartment with more of respectful seriousness than he had ever yet shown, "but I dare say it won't be an agreeable one for all parties. We must take the good with the bad, however, and be thankful that guilt has such a trick of peeping out from under its veil, however cleverly drawn around it. Having got hold of Falcon's case, the first thing I did was to look up the pre-histories of all parties concerned. To be candid, Mr. Stanley was the one Falcon and I were most apt to suspect of having destroyed the will, for he was the only one who seemed to have a motive, and his life I took the liberty of sifting pretty thoroughly. My dear sir, don't be affronted; you'll thank me afterward that I did so. Finding nothing to go upon in that direction, I did the same by Mr. George Laurie, and discovered such a character as—Jerusalem! But that don't come in here."

Stanley cast a quick glance toward Mr. Verne, a smile of triumph wreathing his thin lip, but the author only lowered his eyes filled with anxious pain. Maiblume, perhaps seeing for the first time the cause of her presence being required, rose unsteadily, and creeping to her father, took refuge behind his chair, her face bowed down on its tall back.

Mr. Wylie's eyes glistened; he emitted a sniff pregnant with unimaginable significance and resumed his narrative:

"Finding nothing to the purpose on that tack either, I ventured to put my sacrificial finger into one of the ladies' pies—in fact, to furnish myself with the charming biography of Mademoiselle Coila De Vouze."

Stanley scowled like a thunder cloud, and striding across the room took his place by Coila's side.

"Take care, sir," said he; "you're on dangerous ground!"

"All right!" drawled Mr. Wylie; "I'll get over it as fast as possible."

Coila turned to Stanley with a look of angelic suffering and patience.

"Let him speak!" sighed she. "He will ruin poor Coila, with all she holds dear on earth, but he cannot rob her of the sweet thought that she has sacrificed herself for love of them!"

"From certain suspicious trifles in her life with Mrs. Stanley," said Mr. Wylie, chuckling and pressing his palms together as if he held between them some very precious secret; "I thought it best to take a trip to France to pursue my inquiries. At first I went on a wild *croisette* to chase the *Pension* at St. Omer, where Miss De Vouze claimed to have got her education, but the sisters assured me they had never had a pupil of that name there, nor could they recognize her photograph—a very excellent one, by Sarony, which I had taken the liberty

of abstracting from the late Mrs. Stanley's album. I was certainly stumped there; and wandered about among the Paris photographers for some weeks without the smallest success. One day I saw an advertisement in a paper which set me thinking in a new track. It was by one of those chaps who profess to make people over again—that is, to turn out from his establishment a fair young creeter of sixteen who entered a grizzly griffin of fifty. The French women are so desperately afraid of old age—(and no wonder, for they make about the homeliest old witches you could see out of a mummy's case)—that these artistic establishments are much patronized, and really turn out very good work. I took the trouble to post myself in the thing and, having paid my char-woman, a perf^c Medusa, to consent to the transformation, I took her to Monsieur Gorgor and had her operated upon in my presence. Well, he gave her a new face, new neck, new arms, and the loveliest crop of black curly hair I ever saw; he filled out her sunken cheeks; he put in the teeth she wanted; he gave her glossy, arched eyebrows—her eyes red, and coarse as a cocoanut's fiber—he painted out her parchment hide by painting on a porcelain complexion with delicate veins that would have deceived the very Old Boy; as to her neck and arms, actual skeletons in their way, since mere paint could not fatten them, he covered them over with air inflated rubber of the finest texture, which so exquisitely imitated real warm flesh that even by the touch you could not detect the fraud. All this was done for the moderate sum of five hundred francs! My char-woman returned home with me such a Venus that her own children did not recognize her, and, like any other princess of supernatural beauty, she was terribly inconvenienced by her transformation until I found a place for her in a glove bazaar, where she attracted all the gentlemen, and is now doing a flourishing business. After this experiment instead of haunting the photographers' galleries, I haunted the establishments devoted to this branch of art, and diligently showing my picture of Mademoiselle De Vouze, had the beatitude of at last meeting the potent genius—Mr. Verne and Mr. Stanley standing by perfectly nonplussed.

At this point a half shriek broke from Coila; there was a swish of rent satin and a flash of lurid drapery, as, with clenched hand, she struck him in the face.

"Wretch! Thou liest! Thou liest!" cried she, wildly. "Messieurs, I'm insulted! Do you stand by and see me insulted?"—turning to the others in passionate appeal. "Oh misere, what black conspiracy is this! Will no one stab this base hound to the heart?"

No one moved; horror and amazement sat upon every face but the lawyer's and the artist's; they only interchanged a grin of malignant triumph.

"Sit down, madam," said Stanley, in a strange voice; "let us hear the end of this man's tale."

She put a sudden forced constraint upon herself; she approached him, her hands out, her most dependent, her most seductive manner in full play.

"Save me, Monsieur Paul!" said she, in thrilling tones. "You who have won my promise to your wife, protect me from these insults; upon your chivalry I cast myself—monsieur. I shall not plead my helplessness in vain, I know."

She drooped before him, white and sweet, her *toilette* of brilliant dyes and glancing gems only bringing out her pathetic manner and trembling helplessness into strong relief. She had appealed to the man's chivalry, and his chivalry awoke at her word.

He rose, drew her hand through his arm and haughtily faced the rest.

"Mademoiselle De Vouze has indeed promised to be my wife, and under these circumstances I refuse to allow Mr. Wylie to utter another syllable to her discredit."

Mr. Verne, who had involuntarily started forward with a confused idea of comforting and protecting her in her distress, stopped in stupefaction, his hands to his temples, looking from one to the other.

Maiblume, too, lifting her bending figure, flashed a keen glance of dawning mistrust at the little siren.

Mr. Falcon broke the silence:

"I believe I had the honor of telling Mr. Stanley in the outset that this affair could not be agreeable to all parties concerned; and I hope he will allow us to proceed with the disclosure of the imposition which has been practiced upon himself and Mr. Verne, especially when he learns that it is indissolubly connected with the late Mrs. Stanley's secret, and with the disappearance of her will."

Stanley flushed darkly, then grew ashy pale. He looked at Coila in a sort of fascination—irresolution in his shrinking eye.

She made one mad effort to assert her power; she put her small illy hands upon his shoulder, and leaning there, with dainty forehead almost touching his lips, moaned:

"If you give me up, Paul, I die at your feet!"

He disengaged himself; he took her by the chilly finger tips and repeated her.

"I have a right to hear this story," said he, in a voice that struck like death to her heart. "If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear."

She cowered down, and crossing her arms on her knees, rested her ghostly face upon them.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 218.)

WATCHING.

BY BARTON GREY.

He lofted up through the meadow,
His foot in the trailing swath;
Hestopped where the keen scythe's blade had
passed.

And now the aftermath,
Ah, oh! love! and ah, ah!

And what shall my sad heart say?

What bold praver breathe by night, love,

It durst not breath by day?

She sat by the open window,

Looking unto the west;

And the sun went down, and the stars came up

Beyond the gray hill crest.

And now the sky looks pale,

And when will his footfall?

The skies are empty and barren, love,

But God is over all!

A step on the garden walk,

A shadow under the stars,

And the moon's first gleam slides suddenly

Through the trees.

The trees are jealous bars.

And oh, love! and ah, ah!

And open, love, to me!

My heart is knocking at thy door,

Ah, lift the latch and see!

A Sioux Squaw's Devotion.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

TWENTY years ago, no name was more popular, or better known—if we except Kit Carson—along the western frontier, than that of

Cross Eagle. I have heard "old staggers" dwell upon his exploits by the hour, and if all they averred was the truth, then Cross Eagle must have been no ordinary man. Still, allowing for exaggeration, there is little doubt, but that Cross Eagle was a brave, daring man, perfectly trained in the arts of savage warfare, a master of his weapons, insensible to personal danger. It is the closing chapter of his life that I transcribe here, only premising that the story is well authenticated, and may be taken as truthful.

Cross Eagle, as his Sioux allies named him was a Swede who had spent three fourths of his life among the Blackfeet, Cheyennes, and Sioux, he being captured by a band of Cheyennes when he was but little over ten years of age. The lad exhibited a courage unusual in one so young, and fought side by side with his father, who was a teamster belonging to the train, shooting down at least one warrior in the final charge. A chief noticed this, and took the lad prisoner, resolved to adopt him as a son. This needful for a dozen years the Swede—who had forgotten his own name—lived with the Cheyennes, but then ran away and joined the Blackfeet. He soon led a war party against the Sioux, when his ferocious daring gained from that tribe the name of Cross Eagle, by which he was known until the day of his death. Though long a partisan leader, Cross Eagle was never known to lift his hand against those of his own color—his hand was never stained with white blood.

A strange incident led to his leaving the Blackfeet and joining hands with his old enemies, the Sioux. This occurred during a raid of the Blackfeet, after horses and scalps into that section of country claimed by Wahpadoat, or Red Leaf, the Sioux. The Blackfeet, with their characteristic contempt for the "cut-throats," boldly charged upon Red Leaf's village in open day. Their forces nearly equal, the Sioux fought bravely, though somewhat hampered by their women and children.

Among the foremost charged Cross Eagle, together with his brother "Dog-soldiers." He cut down a stalwart Sioux, Cross Eagle heard a shrill shriek, and saw the blood-drip tomahawk of a Blackfoot overhanging the head of a squaw, whose beauty, despite the fact that terror distorted her features, made a strange impression upon the heart of the Sioux.

He shouted for the brave to hold his hand, and spurred forward. The Blackfoot, possibly mistaking his meaning, drew back his hand to deal the fatal blow. Cross Eagle clutched at his arm, forgetting the knife that hung to his wrist. His fingers slipped and his hand struck with full force upon the knife hilt, driving the sharp-pointed blade to the very heart of the Blackfoot. With wild death-yell, the savage dropped from the saddle.

But his yell was heard, and unfortunately the fallen brave was one of the Dog-soldiers, each of whom has sworn faithfully to avenge the death of their brothers. It mattered not that Cross Eagle was one of the band. From that instant he was a doomed man.

Uttering their rallying cry, the Dog-soldiers charged upon the Swede, who saw that no mercy awaited him. One glance at the still kneeling Sioux squaw decided his course. He raised his voice, but now it filled the air with the Sioux war-cry, instead of the Blackfoot. And, bending his bow, he shot down two of the leading Dog-soldiers in rapid succession. This act saved his life from Red Leaf, who had recognized the voice of his favorite squaw, and was rushing to her aid. As the bow-string twanged sharply, his blood-stained battle-axe was raised above the head of Cross Eagle. But he withheld his hand when he saw that Cross Eagle was fighting his battle.

It was a long, desperate, and bloody contest, and no brave distinguished himself more highly than did Cross Eagle, who now fought side by side with Red Leaf. Enough that the Sioux were the victors, and, instead of sheathing the Blackfeet returned home shorn.

Cross Eagle was formally adopted into the Sioux tribe, but his chagrin was great when he discovered that the squaw, for whom he had dared so much, was the wife of Red Leaf. For nearly a year he worked earnestly, none the less so because he knew that secret wishes of Dowansa, or the "Singer," were with him to collect a store of horses, goods and arms, with which he hoped to buy his love from Red Leaf. Yet it was only to have his offer scorned, though the amount he offered would have bought any other ten squaws in the tribe. Red Leaf was no common Indian, and really loved his wife.

Cross Eagle succeeded, nothing would have been thought of the "business transaction," but as he failed, Red Leaf called a council and "pulled the wires" so successfully that Cross Eagle was declared no true Sioux, and ordered to depart, under penalty of death if ever caught in their territory afterward.

This was hard news, but he had sense enough to know that it would only make worse to kick against the pricks. So he mounted his war-horse—it had been confiscated with the rest of his property, but Red Leaf did not think it politic to press him too hardly, and so Cross Eagle rode out of the Sioux village, not once casting a glance toward the lodge door where a pair of bright black eyes were sorrowfully watching him.

Cross Eagle struck up into the Foot Hills, where he *cashed* for a couple of weeks, knowing that he could effect nothing so long as the village would be jealously watched. Yet he never once swerved from the purpose he had in view. His foot upon the trail, he would never turn back until his object was accomplished. And he had sworn that Dowansa should be his wife, even though he had to steal her from the very arms of her chief.

He knew, too, that Dowansa would be watching for him, since he had whispered this vow in her ear when he learned that the council had been summoned to try him. So he patiently waited until the time should be ripe for his venture.

Two weeks after his public disgrace, Cross Eagle left his retreat and returned to the Sioux village. Concealing his horse in the timber, he advanced upon foot, trusting to his thorough knowledge of the ground and his command of the Sioux tongue, to carry him clear of discovery, though the night was bright and cloudless. Yet he was not to enter the village without some trouble.

While passing cautiously through the scattering timber that surrounded the village, a dusky figure suddenly arose before him, from behind a clump of bushes. The guard recognized Cross Eagle, and uttered a little cry of wonder; but the warning yell that rose to his lips never found utterance. A single leap carried Cross Eagle to his side, and while one sinewy hand tightly compressed the throat, a long knife was buried hilt-deep above the collar-bone, the point penetrating the Sioux's heart. A single gasping gurgle—a convulsive quiver—and then the massive limbs were forever stilled in death.

After a moment's thought, Cross Eagle donned the dead brave's plumed head-dress, and blanket, then boldly entered the village, though he knew that, if observed, he would be censured for abandoning his post. Choosing the darkest trails Cross Eagle soon reached the lodges of Red Leaf, before which glowed a bed of coals. Passing the door, he crept a swift glance within. A strange thrill crept over him, as he recognized the figure of the Singer, and alone. Truly fortune was favoring him.

